

Orion Squad

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Summary: While Noble Team was fighting their way through Reach, 3 Spartan-IIs are fighting their own battle. Follow Hunter, Kay and Geoff through their adventures: Welcome to Orion Squad. No pairings. I suck at summaries.

Orion Squad

First Halo fanfic. This is the story of my Spartan-II team, myself and my two best friends Hunter and Geoff. Not exactly sure where this is going, but I hope you guys like it.

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo. If I didâ€¦ well, I wish I did. On with the story.

August 23rd, 2552, New Alexandria, Planet Reach

Chaos. That was the only word to describe the scene in New Alexandria: complete and total chaos. Civilians ran left and right; explosions rocked the city; covenant ships swooped, shooting, overhead; buildings crumbled in their wake. Screams split the air as more and more covenant forced their way through the streets, shooting at soldiers and civilians alike, making no determination between the two. They would just as soon shoot down a little girl with a doll as a soldier with a gun.

Which is precisely why Orion squad had been deployed to stop them.

The three Spartans stood in the open square, their backs to a huddled group of civilians, their guns to the alien hordes running towards them. Three evac. transports were set to arrive in ten minutes.

But in a warzone, ten minutes might as well be ten years. In a warzone, the tide could shift in a moment, and as ever-increasing waves of covenant streamed in from all sized, when the tide did turn, it was not likely to be in their favor.

It was all they could do to keep the aliens back.

"We need those transports NOW!" shouted Hunter into his comm. as he shot down yet another jackal. "We can't hold them off much longer, or these civilians are toast! And so are we!"

"Then we'd better hope these bastards skip breakfast!" grunted Geoff.

Hunter inwardly groaned at his teammate's sarcasm, and as he did so, he chanced a look at the sky: Purple and navy blue to the west with the impending twilight, but to the east, the sky was blood red and glowing with glassing plasma. The blue and purple of banshee and phantom fire streaked across the sky. And not a sign of those transports. All in all, a sight straight from hell.

He growled with frustration and looked over at his two teammates. They looked just as bad as he felt. Their armor was covered in blood, both the red of their own veins and the blue of their enemies'. The right side of Kay's once purple armor was blackened with plasma grenade splash damage as well. But they seemed to be holding up well enough, at least for the moment. The civilians, thoughâ€¦

"Kay!" He shouted into his comm. He saw the female Spartan's head twitch a millimeter in his direction before turning back to the enemies before her.

"Captain," she replied

"How many we got?" asked Hunter, referring to the number of civilians gathered behind them waiting to be evacuated.

"Not enough," She grunted as she shoved a skirmisher out of her way. "These are only a fraction of the number who should be here. My guess is the rest can't escape to this location, or were killed trying. There are more just waitingâ€¦ loads more."

Hunter was silent for a moment, then said, "Go help them. Search for more. We'll handle it back here."

A pause in which he could almost hear the gears in Kay's head turning, calculating the odds and how to make the most of them. Then, "Understood." And she sprinted through the sea of covenant and down a narrow street to their left, leaving Hunter and Geoff to defend the civilians from the rising tide of enemies.

End
file.